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SIXPENCE.

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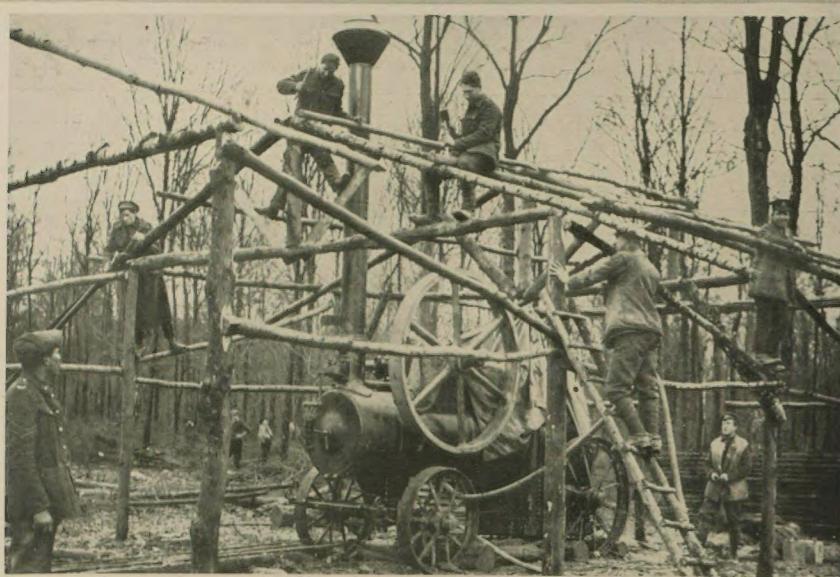


"TO LIVE IN HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE": HOME TRIBUTES AT A LONDON WAR SHRINE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

WAR SCENES ON VARIOUS FRONTS: BRITISH, FRENCH, RUSSIAN,

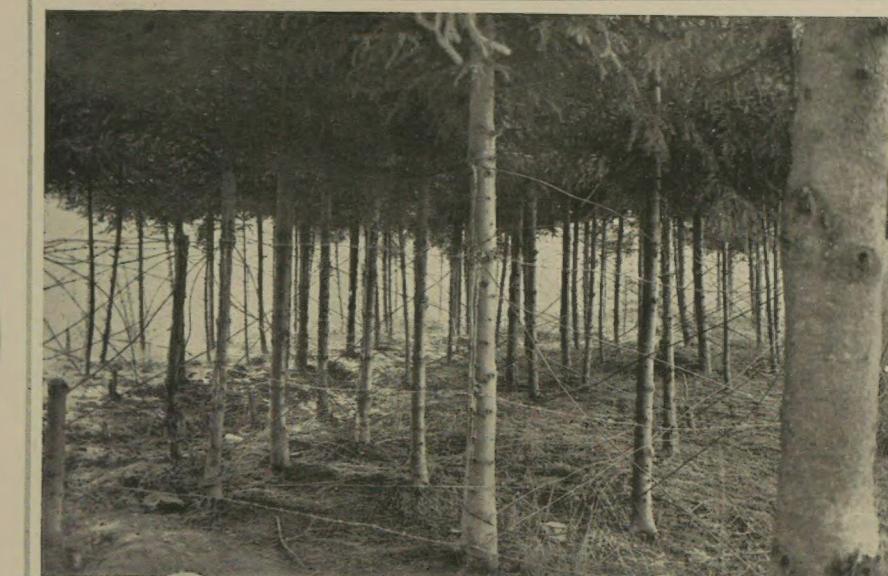
PHOTOGRAPHS—BRITISH OFFICIAL (FIRST AND THIRD ON THE LEFT).



ON THE BRITISH FRONT BUILDING A NEW SAW-MILL—BEGINNING WITH A SHED OVER THE ENGINE.



ON THE SNOW-BOUND RUSSIAN FRONT: CUTTING



ON THE FRENCH FRONT IN LORRAINE: A PINE WOOD INTERWOVEN WITH BARBED WIRE.



ON THE FRENCH FRONT AT VERDUN: THE "ROAD" FROM VERDUN TO DOUAUMONT.



BRITISH CAMP ARCHITECTURE AT SALONIKA: A NEAT LITTLE BUNGALOW FOR OFFICERS.



A GERMAN AEROPLANE DESCENT IN HOLLAND: A FOKKER



THE FRENCH MEURTHE AND MOSELLE FRONT: THE DOOR OF AN UNDERGROUND HOSPITAL.



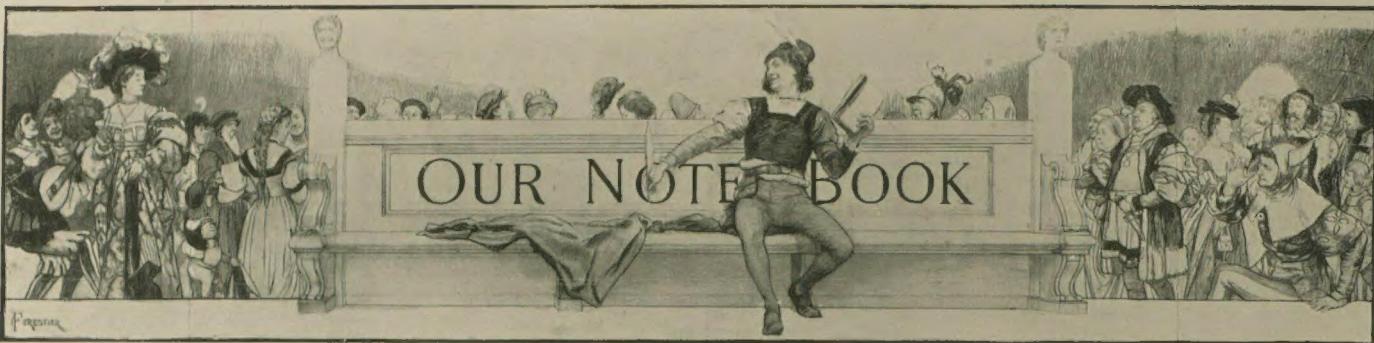
ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT THE BRITISH FRONT: A GROUP OF PORTUGUESE OFFICERS.

It is sometimes interesting to bring together illustrations of the war from a number of widely separated places, for the result helps the imagination to realise the vast extent and variety of the conflict, and to acquire a sense of proportion and perspective. The photographs given above are for the most part self-explanatory, but a few notes may be added in some cases. The central subject at the top shows the conditions of winter warfare on the Russian front, where troops advance through deep snow in forest country. The middle photographs on each side—taken on the Verdun and the Meurthe and Moselle fronts respectively—illustrate the great use which the French make of light railway tracks. The lower photograph on the left shows the taste and ingenuity with which the officers' quarters in the British camp at Salonika have been constructed. In the larger illustration in the centre is seen a Fokker aeroplane with a German officer and under-officer that came down recently at Nimeguen, a Dutch town and fortress near Arnhem, some two and a-half miles from the German frontier. Treaties were signed there in

AND PORTUGUESE ACTIVITIES; GERMAN AIRMEN IN HOLLAND.

FRENCH OFFICIAL, SHOUBSKY-KORSAKOFF, AND VEREENIGDE FOTOBUREAU.

1678 between Holland, France, and Spain. In 1794 it was taken by the French. In the background is seen a house damaged by the aeroplane in landing. As regards the lower photograph on the right, Reuter's correspondent at the British Headquarters wrote on January 6 on the subject of the Portuguese Contingent for the Western Front: "To-day I have been in the company of some of the officers of the artillery branch of the Portuguese Expeditionary Force in France. Those of our officers who have come in contact with the Portuguese speak highly of their military training and efficiency. The uniform is very similar to that of the French Army, but with a slight elusive grey tint in the blue colour-scheme. . . . Overcoats are of the British khaki pattern, and the cap is very similar to that worn by our troops except that it is blue. The officers wore Sam Browne waist-belts, with cross-slings, and brown leggings. The kit, indeed the whole equipment of the Portuguese Expeditionary Force, has been designed with a special view to service requirements on the Western Front, and it should prove thoroughly satisfactory."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN contemplating some common object of the modern street, such as an omnibus or a lamp-post, it is sometimes well worth while to stop and think about why such common objects are regarded as commonplace. It is well worth while to try to grasp what is the significance of them—or rather, the quality in modernity which makes them so often seem not so much significant as insignificant. If you stop the omnibus while you stop to think about it, you will be unpopular. Even if you try to grasp the lamp-post in your effort to grasp its significance, you will almost certainly be misunderstood. Nevertheless, the problem is a real one, and not without bearing upon the most poignant politics and ethics of to-day. It is certainly not the things themselves, the idea and upshot of them, that are remote from poetry or even mysticism. The idea of a crowd of human strangers turned into comrades for a journey is full of the oldest pathos and piety of human life. That profound feeling of mortal fraternity and frailty which tells us we are indeed all in the same boat is not the less true if expressed in the formula that we are all in the same bus. As for the idea of the lamp-post, the idea of the fixed beacon of the branching thoroughfares, the terrestrial star of the terrestrial traveller, it not only could be, but actually is, the subject of countless songs.

Nor is it even true that there is something so trivial or ugly about the names of the things as to make them commonplace in all connections. The word "lamp" is especially beloved by the more decorative and poetic writers; it is a symbol, and very frequently a title. It is true that if Ruskin had called his eloquent work "The Seven Lamp-Posts of

with a fine military ring in phrases like "The Last Post" or "Dying at his Post." I remember, indeed, hearing, when a small child, the line in Macaulay's "Armada" about "with loose rein and bloody spur rode inward many a post," and being puzzled at the picture of a pillar-box or a lamp-post displaying so much activity. But certainly it is not the mere sound of the word that makes it unworkable in the literature of wonder or beauty. "Omnibus" may seem at first sight a more difficult thing to swallow—if I may be allowed a somewhat gigantesque figure of speech. This, it may be said, is a Cockney and ungainly modern word, as it is certainly a Cockney and ungainly modern thing. But even this is not true. The word "omnibus" is a very noble word with a very noble meaning and even tradition. It is derived from an ancient and adamantine tongue which has rolled it with very authoritative thunders: *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus.* It is a word really more human and universal than republic or democracy. A man might very consistently build a temple for all the tribes of men, a temple of the largest pattern and the loveliest design, and then call it an omnibus. It is true that the dignity of this description has really been somewhat diminished by the illogical habit of clipping the word down to the last and least important part of it. But that is only one of many modern examples in which real vulgarity is not in democracy, but rather in the loss of democracy. It is about as democratic to call an omnibus a 'bus as it would be to call a democrat a rat.

Another way of explaining the cloud of commonplace interpretation upon modern things is to trace it to that spirit which often calls itself science but which is more often mere repetition. It is proverbial that a child, looking out of the nursery window, regards the lamp-post as part of a fairy-tale of which the lamp-lighter is the fairy. That lamp-post can be to a baby all that the moon could possibly be to a lover or a poet. Now, it is perfectly true that there is nowadays a spirit of cheap information which imagines that it shoots beyond this shining point, when it merely tells us that there are nine hundred lamp-posts in the town, all exactly alike. It is equally true that there is a spirit of cheap science, which is equally cocksure of its conclusiveness when it tells us that there are so many thousand moons and suns, all much more alike than we might have been disposed to fancy. And we can say of both these calculations that there is nothing really commonplace except the mind of the calculator. The baby is much more right about the flaming lamp than the statistician who counts the posts in the street; and the lover is much more really right about the moon than the astronomer. Here the part is certainly greater than the whole, for it is much better to be tied to one wonderful thing than to allow a mere catalogue of wonderful things to deprive you of the capacity to wonder. It is doubtless true, to a definite extent, that a certain sameness in the mechanical modern creations makes them actually less attractive than the free recurrences of nature; or, in other words, that twenty lamp-posts really are much more like each other than twenty trees. Nevertheless, even this character will not cover the whole ground, for men do not cease to feel the mystery of natural things even when they reproduce themselves almost completely, as in the case of pitch darkness or a very heavy sleep. The mere fact that we have seen a lamp-post very often, and that it generally looked very much the same as before, would not of itself prevent us from appreciating its elfin fire, any more than it prevents the child.

Finally, there is a neglected side of this psychological problem which is, I think, one aspect of the mystery of the morality of war. It is not altogether an accident that, while the London lamp-post has always been mild and undistinguished, the Paris lamp-post has been more historic because it has been more horrible. It has been a yet more revolutionary substitute for the guillotine—yet more revolutionary,

because it was the guillotine of the mob, as distinct even from the guillotine of the Republic. They hanged aristocrats upon it, including (unless my memory misleads me) that exceedingly unpleasant aristocrat who promulgated the measure of war economy known as "Let them eat grass." Hence it happened that there has been in Paris a fanatical and flamboyant political newspaper actually called *La Lanterne*, a paper for extreme Jacobins. If there were a paper in London called the *Lamp-Post*, I can only imagine it as a paper for children. As for my other example, I do not know whether even the French Revolution could manage to do anything with the omnibus; but the Jacobins were quite capable of using it as a tumbril.

In short, I suspect that Cockney things have become commonplace because there has been so long lacking in them a certain savour of sacrifice and peril, which there has been in the nursery tale, for all its innocence, and which there has been in the Parisian street, for all its iniquity.



A GREAT CANADIAN IMPERIALIST: THE LATE SIR FREDERICK BORDEN, K.C.M.G., EX-MINISTER OF MILITIA.

Sir Frederick Borden was Canadian Minister of Militia from 1896 to 1911. He always advocated co-operation between the Canadian and Imperial Forces, and eagerly approved the despatch of a Canadian contingent to South Africa. He was on the Imperial Council of Defence and was made a K.C.M.G. on the occasion of King Edward's Coronation. Born in Nova Scotia in 1847, he became an Army Surgeon, and in 1874 entered the Dominion Parliament.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A GREAT HUNTER AND EXPLORER KILLED IN ACTION IN EAST AFRICA: THE LATE CAPT. F. C. SELOUS, D.S.O.

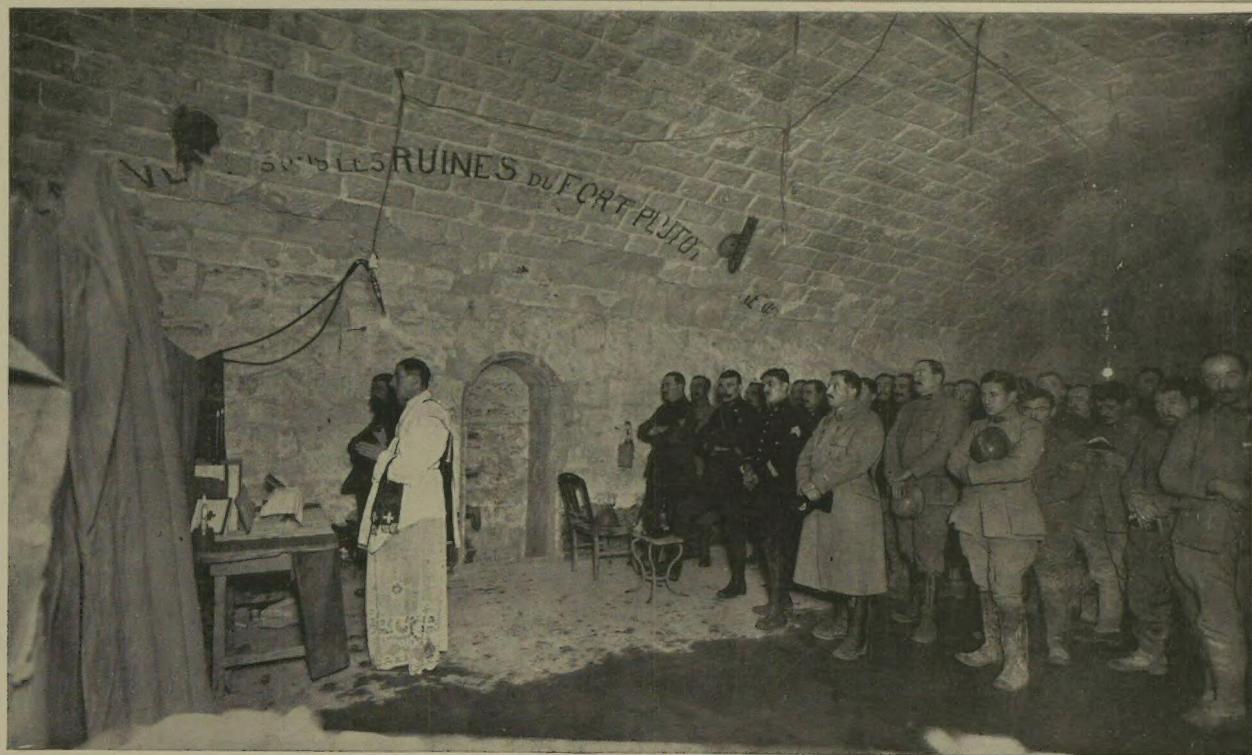
Captain F. C. Selous, the famous South African big-game hunter, explorer, and naturalist, obtained a commission in the Royal Fusiliers in February 1915, and was promoted Captain the following August. Last September he received the D.S.O. "for conspicuous gallantry, resource, and endurance." He was born in London in 1851, and was educated at Rugby, Neuchâtel, and Wiesbaden. At nineteen he went to South Africa, and, as an elephant-hunter, began his adventurous career.—[Photograph by Gibbs.]

"Architecture" the effect, to a delicate ear, would not have been quite the same. But even the word "post" is in no sense impossible in poetry; it can be found

is that all this crude and vulgar modern clockwork is most truly being used for a heroic end. It is most emphatically being used for the slaying of a dragon. It is being used, much more unquestionably than the lantern of Paris, to make an end of a tyrant. It was a cant phrase in our cheaper literature of late to say that the new time will make the romance of war mechanical. Is it not more probable that it will make the mechanism of war romantic? As I said at the beginning, the things themselves are not repulsively prosaic; it was their associations that made them so; and to-day their associations are as splendid as any that ever blazoned a shield or embroidered a banner. Much of what made the violation of Belgium so violent a challenge to every conscience lay unconsciously in the fact that the country which had thus become tragic had often been regarded as commonplace. The unpardonable sin was committed in a place of lamp-posts and omnibuses. In similar places has been prepared the just wrath and reparation; and a legend of it will surely linger even in the omnibus that has carried heroes to the mouth of hell, and even in the lamp-post whose lamp has been darkened against the dragon of the sky.

RELIGION AND HEALING BELOW GROUND: IN DOUAUMONT FORT, VERDUN.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



IN ONE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN, VAULTED, BOMB-PROOF CASEMATES OF FORT DOUAUMONT: MIDNIGHT MASS BEING CELEBRATED BY THE ABBÉ TRENTESAUX.



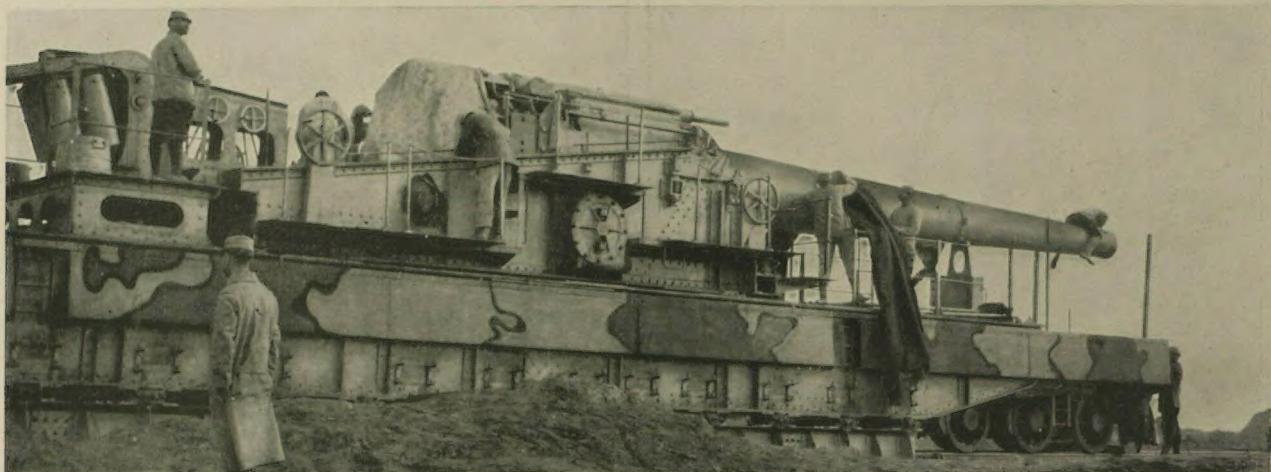
IN ANOTHER OF THE SUBTERRANEAN, VAULTED, BOMB-PROOF CASEMATES OF THE FORT: A RED CROSS SURGICAL-DRESSING STATION FOR LIGHTLY WOUNDED MEN FROM THE OUTER TRENCHES AT DOUAUMONT.

Douaumont Fort, the key position in the outer ring of barrier-forts round Verdun, is not likely to see Germans inside it again—except as prisoners waiting to be sent to the rear. The French, ever since their retaking of the fort at the end of October, have resumed complete possession of the place and its outworks, and the garrison for many weeks past have been firmly settled in to stay there. Two scenes of garrison incidents in the interior of Douaumont Fort—in the subterranean, vaulted, stone-built casemates, deep underground beyond possibility of penetration by the heaviest bomb—are shown on this page. The upper illustration shows a Midnight Mass, as celebrated in the improvised

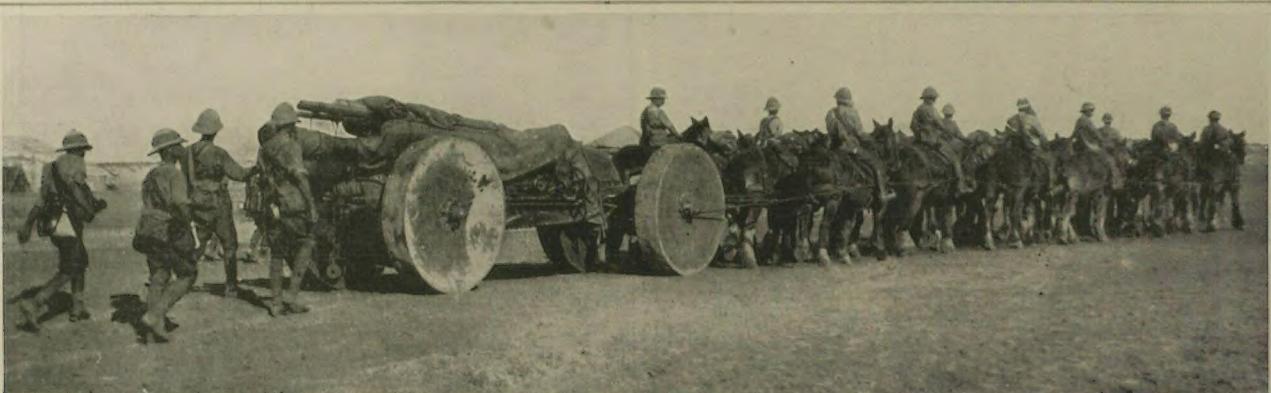
chapel of the fort. It was largely attended by officers and men of Douaumont garrison off duty, who broke into their night's rest to attend the ministrations of Holy Church. The celebrant was the Abbé Trentesaux.—In the lower illustration we have another bomb-proof casemate incident at Douaumont. A surgeon is seen, in white operating-room overall, and with assistants and Red Cross orderlies at hand, attending to less seriously wounded cases arrived from the outer trenches beyond the fort. A continuous daily exchange of musketry still goes on with the German lines in front, apart from the incessant artillery duel of the heavy guns.

WEST AND EAST: ON TWO WAR FRONTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, AND BRITISH OFFICIAL (NO. 3).



ON A SECTOR OF THE FRENCH FRONT IN THE WEST: A GIANT 370-MM. GUN ON ITS TRUCK-PLATFORM MOUNTING.



ON THE BRITISH FRONT ON THE WESTERN EGYPT BORDER: A WEIGHT REQUIRING A POWERFUL HORSE-TEAM AND WIDE DISC WHEELS FOR CROSSING THE SOFT SAND OF THE DESERT.



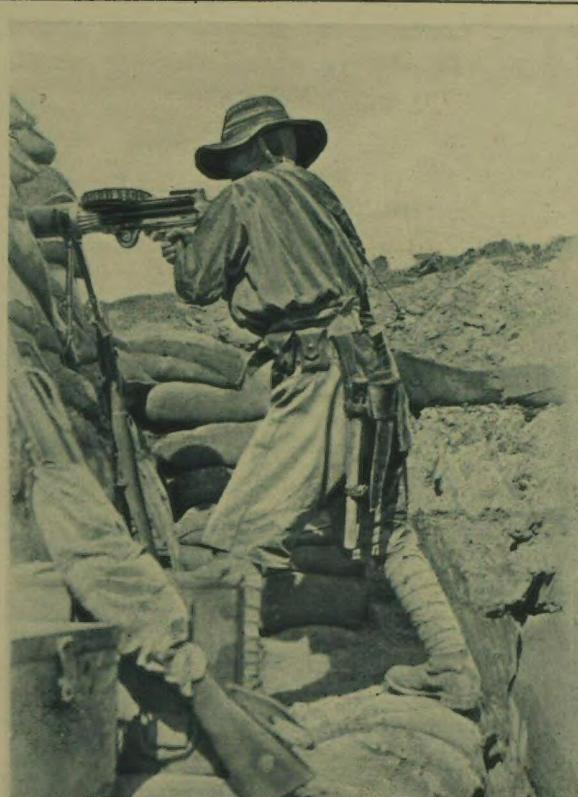
ON A SECTOR OF THE BRITISH FRONT IN THE WEST: A HEAVY ARTILLERY GUN BEING DRAGGED FORWARD THROUGH THE WINTER MUD OF A RECENTLY MADE BATTLEFIELD ROAD.

The three illustrations have this common factor—they have to do with heavy transport traction, on two fronts. In the first is seen an enormous French gun, of 370-mm. (15-inch) calibre, on one of the sectors of the Western Front. It requires for movement a regularly laid track of rails—laid as on any ordinary railway line. The illustration at the same time shows the enormous size of the heavy ordnance with which the Allies are supplied—well supplied, happily, also—and the pitch of mechanical perfection and completeness to which their mountings have been brought for service. The gigantic gun is compactly mounted as an independent battery unit on a no less gigantic truck-carriage,

which provides the firing-platform, and includes everything for action in the way of working machinery and mechanical gear.—The second illustration is from Western Egypt. It shows something of the traction difficulties involved in crossing the sandy desert. To move a heavy dead weight, an enormous team of horses has to be employed. To prevent the wheels sinking, these are, with some vehicles, slabs of wood solidly put together; with others, the wheels are stoutly cased in, or boxed over.—The third illustration, from the Western Front, shows a tractor hauling a heavy gun through the mud in Flanders, along a road across one of our battlefields.

WHERE A NEW BRITISH OFFENSIVE BEGAN RECENTLY: MESOPOTAMIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



WITH THE INDIAN TROOPS IN MESOPOTAMIA: A GURKHA WORKING A LEWIS GUN.



IN A BRITISH FRONT-LINE TRENCH IN MESOPOTAMIA: A MACHINE-GUNNER READY TO FIRE.



SEPOYS SERVING IN MESOPOTAMIA: CLEANING THE RESERVE BOMBS FOR A FRONT-LINE TRENCH.



AN "O. PIP" (OBSERVATION-POST) IN A MESOPOTAMIAN ADVANCE-TRENCH: TELEPHONING TO THE ARTILLERY.

There has recently been a revival of activity on the British front in Mesopotamia, the commencement of which was thus announced by the War Office: "Our forces on the Tigris assumed the offensive on December 13 and 14. The Turkish positions about Sanna-i-Yat on the left bank were subjected to an effective bombardment." Mr. Edmund

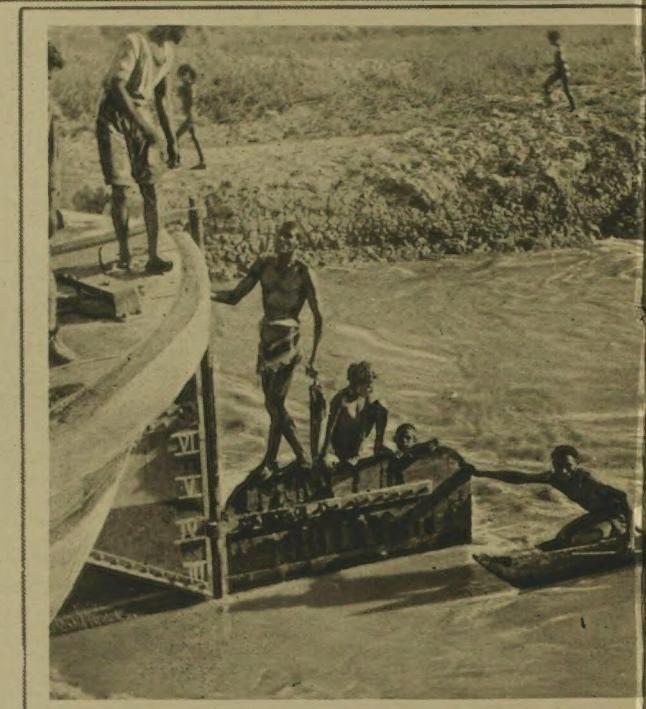
Candler writes from near Kut a few days later: "On December 16 we pushed forward our outposts . . . A considerable force of Turkish irregulars was observed advancing on this bank from a south-westerly direction. One body of them came from hidden trenches and were scattered by machine-gun fire . . . The troops are in good spirits to be on the move again."

THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN MESOPOTAMIA: SCENES IN CAPTURED TURKISH TRENCHES AND ON THE TIGRIS.

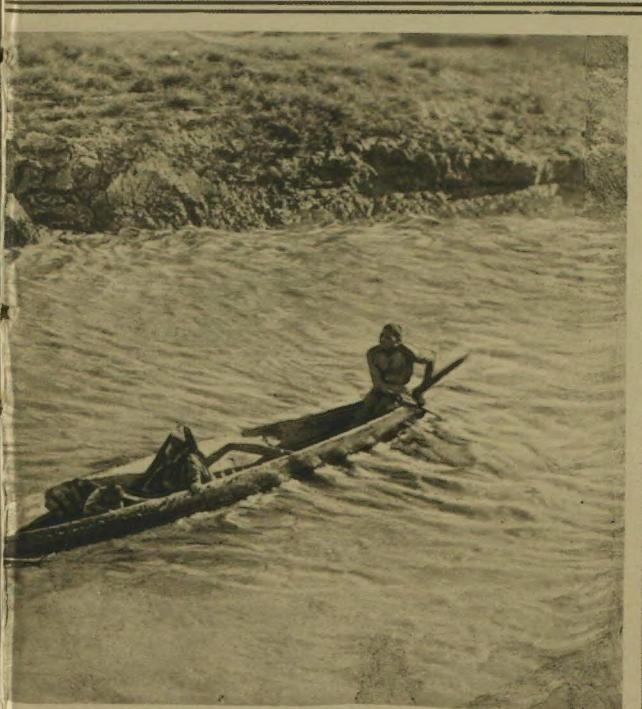
PHOTOGRAPHS
SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL



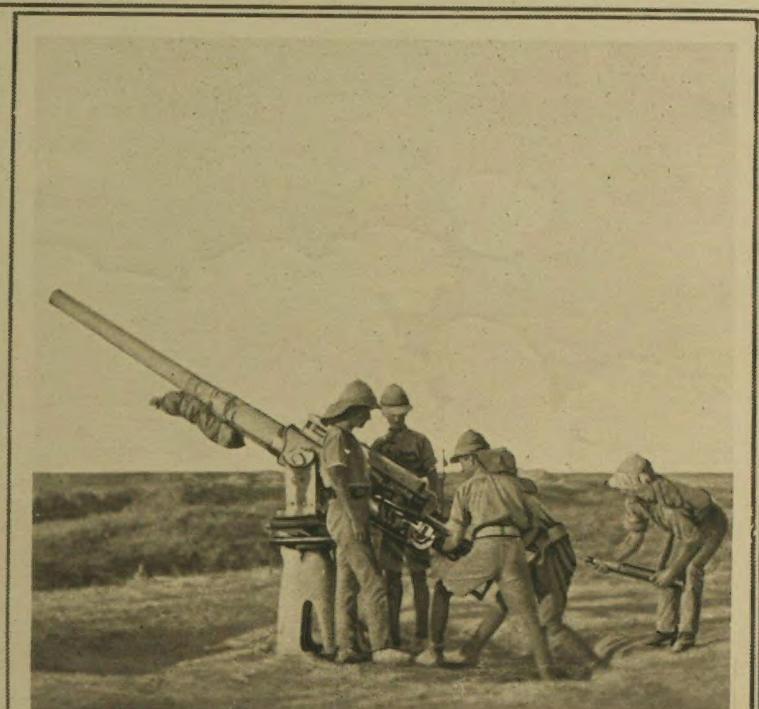
SHOWING REMAINS OF THE ENEMY'S BARBED WIRE: A SNIPER'S POST IN CAPTURED TURKISH LINES—AT HANNAH.



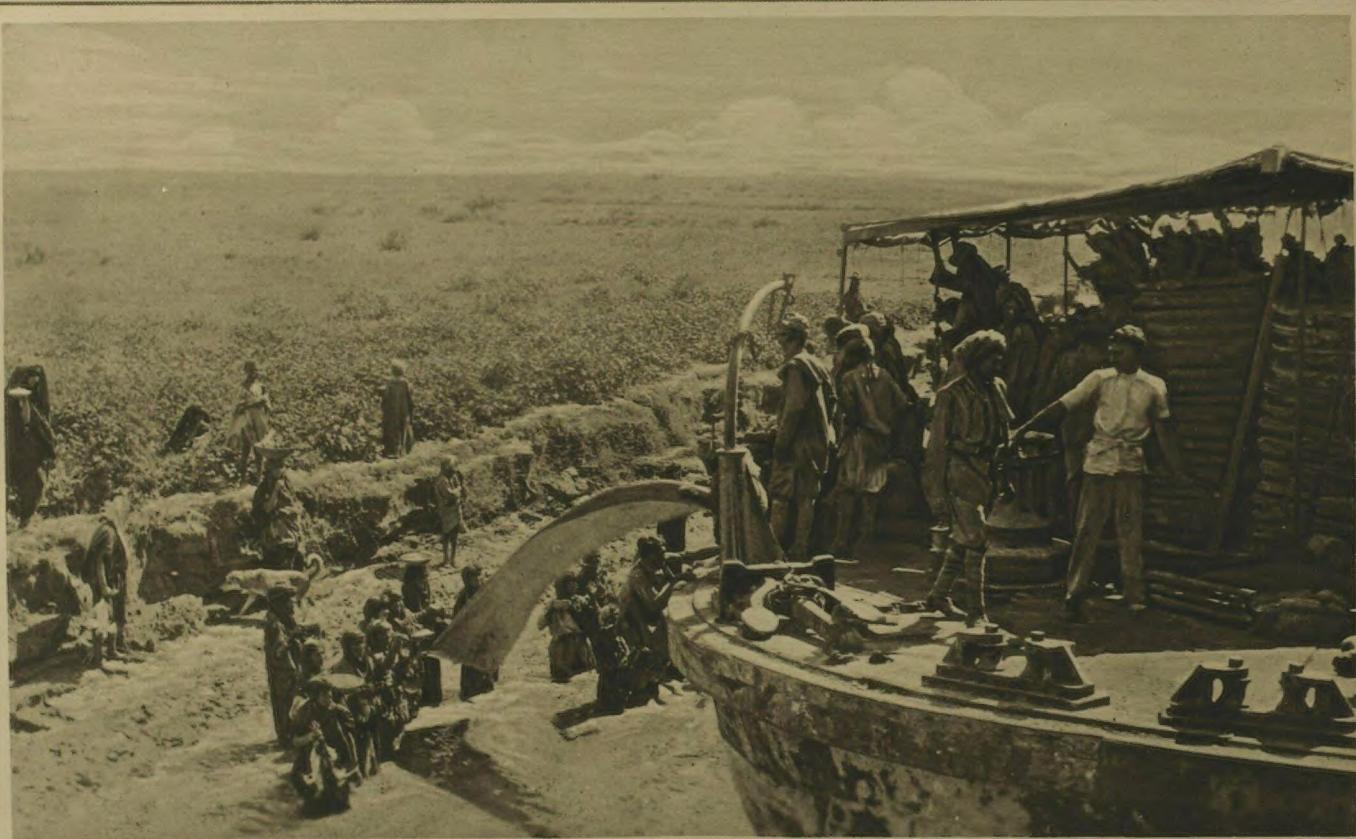
ARABS AS ITINERANT VENDORS IN MESOPOTAMIA: SELLING FISH



TO TROOPS GOING UP THE TIGRIS ON A RIVER STEAMER.



ONE OF OUR "ARCHIBALDS" IN MESOPOTAMIA: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN BEING LOADED.



"SHOPPING" ON THE TIGRIS: ARABS SELLING FOWLS, EGGS, AND SO ON, TO TROOPS GOING UP THE RIVER.



WITH THE FAMILY CANOE INSIDE: A TYPICAL ARAB HUT ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS.

Since the reopening of the British offensive in Mesopotamia, announced in the War Office communiqué quoted on the previous page, considerable progress has been made. An official statement of December 27 said: "On December 22 British detachments advanced to the right bank of the Tigris. Their position has subsequently been consolidated and extended south and east of Kut. . . . Our cavalry by a night march reached and destroyed Gussab's Fort, which has long been a base of operations for hostile Arabs. Sixty tons of grain were destroyed, cattle captured, and a number of hostile Arab encampments burned." The official report, it may be noted, is careful to speak of "hostile" Arabs, as distinguished from those who are friendly. The anti-aircraft gun, or "Archibald," shown in the first photograph above recalls the fact that Mr. Edmund Candler writes regarding our air service,

in a recent message from Mesopotamia: "Our ascendancy in the air is as complete here as in France. The closest touch has been established between artillery commanders and pilots and observers, with damaging effect to the enemy's guns. . . . One of our pilots made a great sensation in the Turkish camp the other day when he looped the loop and cart-wheeled over Kut in contempt of their 'Archibalds.' Prisoners tell us that this derisive little bit of bravado impressed our friends immensely." A British official report of January 3 stated: "Since December 26 operations on the Tigris front have been impeded by heavy rain, which has fallen almost daily and reduced the ground to a morass. In spite of these adverse conditions further progress has been made on the right bank of the Tigris east and north-east of Kut-el-Amara."

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY

CHEERING AS BURGHEES TRESPASSING ON THEIR GROUND.
STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (15TH CENTURY).

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.

LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLUSTER OF A CATHEDRAL:
STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (15TH CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WAR-HORSE IN THE MELTING-POT.

By the time peace returns to us there will not be a single thread of the warp and woof of our social fabric which has not been put to the test of the new standard of valuation set up by the war. We are discovering holes, and thin places, in areas which were superficially perfect. But this discovery need occasion no alarm. We have found nothing which cannot be remedied, for the fabric as a whole is sound.

But the application of the war-gauge has revealed a weakness where we certainly did not expect to find it—among our great Shire-horses, whose ancestors can be traced back to the days of our Saxon forefathers. The history of this animal I have already traced in this column. All I need now recall of this history is the fact that, with the disappearance of heavy armour, his use in war ended, and he was relegated to the plough, and later to heavy road traffic. But with the advent of heavy guns he has become once more a war-horse—and has apparently been found wanting. The responsibility for this state of affairs is thrown upon the Shire-Horse Society. This was founded to improve the farmer's cart-horse, and not merely to add another to the list of domesticated animals ruined by the show-yard. But unconsciously they have done this thing. The Shires of the show-yard are said to be all too commonly "forgers"—the fore-legs cannot be got away quick enough to escape striking them with the hind-legs, hence the tell-tale click when the shoes strike one another. Put one of his offspring to work on a farm, and he develops "side-bones"; trot him on the road, and he goes lame; work him fast in a reaper and binder, and he is ready to lie down at noon from lack of stamina. At the front he has proved chicken-hearted, and a constant prey to disease and ill-health. These are grave charges, and it may well be that they are exaggerated. It is devoutly to be hoped that they are. But the fact remains that some of our own people at the front, who know what they are talking about, insist that the Percheron, in France and Flanders, has proved the more reliable horse; and they further point to the

fact that American breeders are beginning to substitute the French horse for our own, which we have nursed with such pride—and, so far, justly.

The future of the Shire-horse may safely be left to the lovers of this race, who are many, and the Shire-Horse Society, who will lose no time in looking into this matter and changing their standards accordingly. But, while American breeders must be left to make their own selection, there is no sort of reason why we should rush hot-foot for the Percheron. An admirable horse he undoubtedly is, but he has his counterpart in our own Suffolk Punch.

for a docile but courageous disposition, and even-tempered willingness to work. The Suffolk will tug at a dead pull until it drops. In the old days the matches between rival teams to establish this fact were cruel in their severity, but they "made" the Suffolk Punch. The inherited quality to "do or die" is seen in the young horses of to-day, which take kindly to work and require little breaking.

The Percheron, like the Suffolk Punch, is a very active horse. His home is in the province of Perche, and he is highly prized by the peasants of Normandy; but he is not capable of the heavy work performed by his English rival. His high place in the esteem of Americans is probably due to his colour, which is grey, while the Punch is invariably some shade of chestnut. The Percheron supplied London with many of its best 'bus horses'; in earlier days it provided France with her best post-horses. But in America this breed has undergone a great transformation in the matter of size, as may be judged from the fact that the premier horse of the breed in 1909, Hoche, weighed a little under two tons. But one cannot resist a suspicion that this enormous increase in bulk has been gained at the expense of the very qualities for which the breed was originally imported.

Originally the Percheron was either bay or sorrel in colour, but these colours gave place to grey in deference to the demands of the French post-masters, who preferred grey.

The Clydesdale, happily, still holds its own in Canada, but even here the Percheron is insidiously making its way, probably because easily obtained from the neighbouring States. It must be our endeavour, after the war, to replace him with the Suffolk Punch, where the qualities of this animal are preferred to those of the Clydesdale or Shire-horse, which are to be regarded as two slightly different strains of the same race. Both have apparently suffered from the fact that the sires of the breed are show-yard animals, whose latent defects are not brought to light by the test of work in the field. This is otherwise with the thoroughbred, who has to win his spurs, so to speak, in the field before being allowed to mate.

Photograph by C.N.



THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR INTERESTED IN MODERN WAR-MACHINES: TESTING A LEWIS GUN.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is keenly interested in the East African campaign, and in the various machines of modern war. Last week, our readers will remember, we gave two photographs illustrating his flight as a passenger in a British seaplane. Here he is seen testing a Lewis machine-gun.

The Suffolk Punch differs from the Shire and Clydesdale breeds in its longer and more thick-set body and shorter legs, which further lack the abundant long hair, or "feathering," so conspicuous in the Shire-horses. Of late years, however, the height has been increased, so that it is little inferior to the Clydesdale in this respect. The breed is famous for its fruitfulness and longevity—one mare on record having bred till she was thirty-seven years old—and

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE "LIAISON" OFFICER IN ACTION: CONTROLLING THE BARRAGE FIRE.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.



THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN GUNS IN REAR AND ATTACKING INFANTRY: A BRITISH OFFICER WITH TELEPHONE, AND MEN CARRYING REELS OF WIRE, FOLLOWING AN ADVANCE TO REPORT TO THE ARTILLERY THE PROGRESS OF THE ATTACK.

A remarkable feature of the fighting during the British advance on the Western Front is the artillery work. The exactness with which our gunners regulate their barrage-fire, in conformity with every move of the attacking infantry ahead, is marvellous. One method employed is shown in the above illustration. "Liaison," or linking, officers do the work with field telephones. As the infantry battalions advance, they push on after them, with signallers carrying reels of telephone-wire, and report the progress of the attack to the battery-commanders, enabling these to keep continually shifting forward

the barrage fire. An officer is seen beginning work on clambering out of a trench—the figure running forward through a gap in the wire entanglement, stick in hand. He has his revolver strapped on his belt, on the right. On the left of his belt is seen the bag with his gas-mask. In his right hand the officer carries the telephone-box. As he stops to report, the men, seen following with a reserve telephone and reels of wire (one of which is kept "paying out" as the bearer moves) instantly attach the wire to the telephone, and a message goes off.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE TRENCH-MORTAR IN PREPARATORY BOMBARDMENT:

DRAWN BY JOHN BRYAN FROM



BRITISH BOMBS SMASHING GERMAN WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS



A HAIL OF BIG BOMBS ON GERMAN TRENCH DEFENCES: BRITISH TRENCH-MORTARS

The explosions of the trench-mortar bombs are terrific, huge clouds of debris being flung high into the air. Several mortars are visible in the British trenches on the left, while in the right foreground one is seen being loaded, and just about to be fired. Along a communication-trench on the left may be observed a file of men bringing up a supply of ammunition, their helmets and the large round bombs carried over their shoulders being just visible. A number of bombs, which are attached to rods for fitting into the mortars, are also seen in the air in flight towards the enemy, along whose lines several are bursting. Among the stings of shattered trees in the distance are the ruins of the village of Sore, and a puff of smoke from a German howitzer is just visible rising behind the village. The white chalk line of the German first trench can be seen on the right with a big bomb explosion

PREPARING THE WAY FOR AN INFANTRY ASSAULT NEAR BEAUMONT HAMEL

Dragging up wire and blowing up the trench. The British front line disappears over the ridge in the left background. "The objective position," writes Mr. Percival Gibson in his account of the battle of the Ancre, "varied in its distance from our line. The ground to be won was widest in the centre, just north of Beaumont Hamel, and narrowest in the north, and over each sector the creeping barrage, that wall of shells that walks over the ground in giant strides, moved deliberately. The standing barrage, that tramples upon the enemy's parapet as one treads on a worm-eaten lawn, botting along the trenches, making its rampart of leaping black smoke with the sudden flame showing within it . . . The land rises upon the north where a broad swell of hill lifts between Beaumont Hamel and Sore, and in this, too, they [the British troops] thrust forward." Drawing reproduced in the *General News and Chronicle*.

FIGHTING THE MUD: AN UNHEALTHY SPOT IN A SEA OF CLAY AND WATER IN FLANDERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.



DIGGING OUT AN ARTILLERY HORSE: A HALT IN AN ADVANCE OVER ONE OF THE "ROADS" ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

In spite of everything that experience of the country and engineering expedients and skill could co-serve beforehand—warned by the state of things during the two last winter campaigns—the task of movement in the mud of Flanders and the Somme front continually proves of extreme difficulty. That the enemy know, as well as ourselves and our Allies, the roads—in wide tracts over the front are, as is pointed out by a correspondent, “covered mostly with water, inches, or feet, deep.” Under it is the mud, which “is of a sticky, yellow clay, and strings like rubber. It is no use trying to back out, as struggling only forces you deeper and deeper into it. All you can do is to dig a trench under

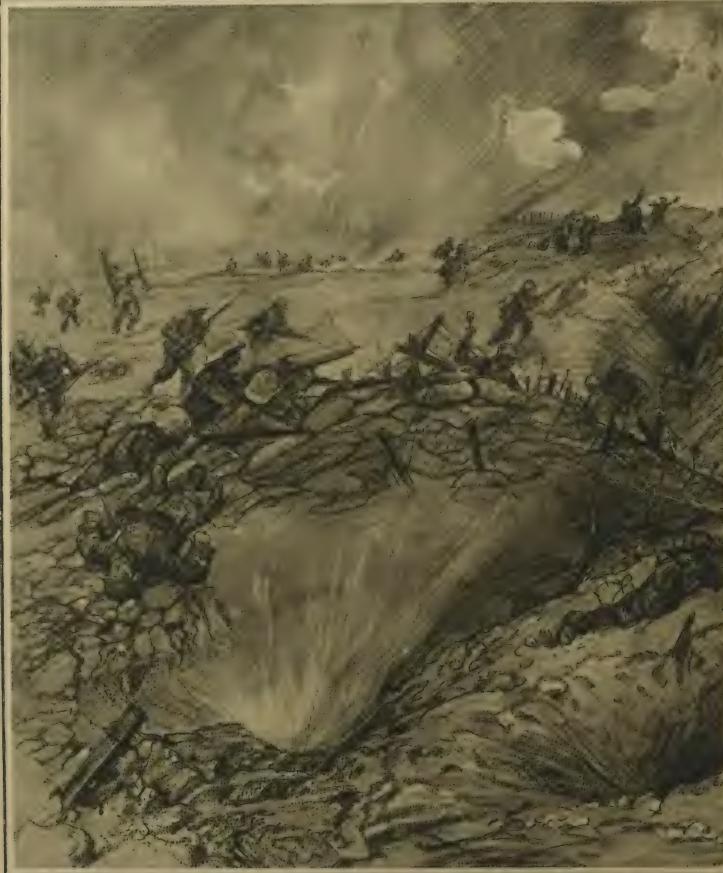
the water to bring the team back on to the cobbles, which are often three or four feet below the surface in winter time. The roads and fields,” adds the note, “are mere quagmires, with death-traps in the shape of shell-holes filled with mud that holds like quicksand.” In places the roads are only discoverable under the mud and water by the trees bordering them—or the splintered, shell-smashed stumps of these that are still standing, as shown in the above illustration. In spite of every care, it is impossible at times to keep to the paved portion. Then comes trouble in the mud at either side.—(Drawing Copyright in the United States and Canada.)

A SHOCK OF INFANTRY ON THE ANCRE: A FIGHT

DRAWN BY JOHN BRYAN FROM INFORMATION

FOR A TRENCH AMID A STORM OF SHELLS.

RECEIVED FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.



BETWEEN TWO BARRAGES: BRITISH AND GERMAN INFANTRY DISPUTING POSSESSION OF A

Trench above Beaumont Hamel was very fierce, trenches being captured back by both. In the above drawing our infantry (advancing from the right) are seen attacking a trench under cover of our artillery barrage; the trench being almost untenable by either side. At the same time the German infantry also advanced to dispute possession, and were likewise pelted by their gunners. The attacking parties had a terrible struggle in the ruined trench, reduced on every side by a perfect hail of explosives. Eventually the enemy retired, after having suffered severe losses, and the British troops dug themselves in. In the left foreground, just beyond a shelter-trench, may be seen two Germans working a machine-grenade; while in the right foreground is a party of British bombers. The trench itself (in the middle) was almost unrecognisable as such, owing to the effect of continual pounding by high-explosive shells.



A TRENCH ABOVE BEAUMONT HAMEL SUPPORTED BY THEIR RESPECTIVE ARTILLERIES.

Describing this battle, Mr. Percival Gibson writes: "The attack began shortly after six, and forthwith, upon the centre, Beaumont Hamel was carried almost with a single rush, that took our troops across the village and out to the sloping ground beyond. . . . To this, too, they thrust forward, carrying all positions till they established themselves well up on the side of the rise, where they forthwith dug themselves in successfully under a heavy fire. . . . The attack from the supporting forces followed, these as in a fourth breath, where men who had escaped from the advanced positions through the teeth of the intense communication-trenches had gathered. Here there was hot fighting, for the British went in with the determination of a victory steadily secured, with ground gained behind them; the bombers went through like bound skeletons." (Drawing Copyrighted on the United States and Canada.)

WHERE MONASTIR WAS WON: THE SERBIAN MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY VLADIMIR BETRITCH.



THE VICTORIOUS SERBIAN ADVANCE IN THE MOUNTAINS EAST OF MONASTIR: AN OBSERVATION-POST ON A ROCKY EMINENCE.



THE FIRST CAPTOR OF MONASTIR, WHO SHARED IN THE RECAPTURE: COLONEL VASSITCH, SURROUNDED BY OTHER SERBIAN OFFICERS.

The upper photograph shows a Serbian observation-post on the western slope of the mountains on the right bank of the River Tcherna, opposite Mount Tchouke, which stands in the bend of the river on the left bank. In the lower photograph a number of Serbian officers are seen gathered round a famous Serbian commander, Colonel Vassitch. He it was who first took Monastir from the Turks on November 19, 1912. Then, when the German-Bulgarian invasion came in the present war, he stubbornly defended it until

December 2, 1915. As commander of the Serbian cavalry, Colonel Vassitch shared in the recent campaign which made possible the recapture of the city by the French and Russians. Writing from Monastir just after the Allied occupation, Mr. Ward Price, describing the events that led to it, said: "The Serbians, with French troops in support, were fighting their uphill way day by day still farther towards the crests of those mountain slopes in the loop of the Tcherna River. It was there that Monastir was won."

SERBIA'S REVENGE: THE PRINCE REGENT IN THE VICTORIOUS ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



RIDING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS IN THE VICTORIOUS ADVANCE ON MONASTIR: THE PRINCE REGENT OF SERBIA,
SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE SERBIAN ARMIES.

The Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia, now known as the Prince Regent, is the Supreme Commander of the Serbian Armies, just as the Emperor Nicholas is of the Russian armies, and King Victor of the Italian. On the occasion of the capture of Monastir by the Allies, which was rendered possible by the fine series of Serbian victories among the mountains to the east of the city, telegrams of congratulation were sent to the Prince Regent by the Emperor Nicholas and by King George, and by the Prince's orders were communicated to all the Serbian troops. King George said: "I cordially congratulate your Royal Highness and your brave Army, which is fighting shoulder to shoulder with

the Allied troops, upon the capture of Monastir on the same day as that on which the city four years ago was delivered from the Turks." The Tsar's message was as follows: "I received the glad tidings of the taking of Monastir with the greatest satisfaction and the keenest joy. I am happy to be able to express my entire admiration for the heroic Serbian Army, which, led with such skill by your Royal Highness, has achieved such brilliant results. I am persuaded our common efforts will be crowned by a complete victory which will assure to Serbia the free development of her political life and the realisation of her national aspirations."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, WESTON, AND SWAIN.

MAJOR G. STANLEY BLAGBROUGH, E. Yorks Regt. Son of Mr. Walter Blagbrough, Bradford, late Captain 1st V.B., Duke of Wellington's Regt.	CAPT. G. F. H. CHARLTON, South Wales Borderers. Has been officially reported killed in action.	CAPT. J. COOPE LUDLOW, R. Inniskilling Fusiliers. Son of Major and Mrs. L. C. Ludlow. Died of wounds.	MAJOR ATTWOOD A. TORRENS, R.F.A. Son of late Captain and of Mrs. Torrens, of Hayes, Kent. Was a well-known cricketer.
2ND LIEUT. D. J. V. KNOTT, Royal West Kent Regt. A well-known member of the Private Banks Athletic Club.	2ND LT. ETHEL J. DAVIES, R. Welsh Fusiliers. Son of Mr. J. H. Davies, J.P., Welshpool.	2ND LT. JOHN FERGUSON, Scottish Rifles. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Ferguson, Dowlally, Perthshire.	2ND LIEUT. C. LIVSEY, East Yorkshire Regt. Son of Mrs. C. Livsey, of Wembly, Middlesex.
2ND LIEUT. E. R. F. BECHER, R. Munster Fusiliers. Son of Mr. E. W. Becher, of Castlefarm House, Lismore, Co. Waterford.	LIEUT. W. ORMISTON BROWN, Canadian Infantry. Officially reported killed in action.	LIEUT. J. DESFORD FRY, London Regt. Son of late Rev. Lucius G. Fry, and of Mrs. Fry, Hampstead.	CAPTAIN HENRY SOMERSET WRIGHT, Manchester Regt. Elder son of Mr. H. Wright, of Clegakilly, County Cork, Ireland.
LIEUT. FRED C. SANGSTER, R. Warwickshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Sangster, Overdale, Moseley.	2ND LIEUT. J. C. TUCKEY, Middlesex Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Tuckey, Holmewood Cottage, Salisbury.	LIEUT. CYRIL R. W. STACEY, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Came from San Paulo, Brazil, to enlist. Killed in action.	CAPTAIN NORMAN R. SHEPHERD, Durham L.I. Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Shepherd, The Hawthorns, Sunderland.
MAJOR HAROLD SMITHERS, Royal Garrison Artillery. Has been officially reported as having been killed in action.	2ND LT. A. R. MURRAY, Highland L.I. Son of Mr. James Murray, Sec. National Bible Society, Scotland.	LIEUT. MAURICE PENROSE-FITZGERALD, West Surrey Regt. Son of Mrs. J. Penrose-Fitzgerald.	CAPTAIN JOHN LAUDER, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Only son of the famous comedian, Mr. Harry Lauder.

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To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'



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When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he digests that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—1st, Restraine your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.* These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

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Observe the signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins
in white across the red label on every bottle.



LADIES' PAGE.

IT is surely most desirable not to arouse class feeling at this juncture. The warning not to make ostentatious expenditure on weddings is doubtless desirable. Yet I wonder if there has been more flagrant waste in connection with the war than the National War Savings Committee have incurred in their costly wall and newspaper advertisements? The latest is a figure of a lady in a stylish fur coat, under which is an inscription that this coat cost one hundred guineas, and also took up ship-space in being brought from abroad. How many hundred-guinea coats have been sold in London this year, I wonder? Is it worth while to spend precious money lavishly on disseminating appeals broadcast to find the exceedingly few purchasers of fur coats at that price, and incidentally to cause the poor to suppose that such sales are innumerable? The fact is that nothing has been more noticeable than the refusal of women to accept any *outre* or absolutely new fashion of dress during the war, and that the simplicity of the modes worn by women (barring a few exceptions, such as, of course, there always must be) is quite notable. The plain coat and skirt, the coat-frock, the chemise-dress, and for evening or dinner wear very simple creations of chiffon or net and *glacé* silk, are the ideas that really have been adopted and actually worn. Already those whose business it is to have new frocks ready for the spring (for we must have some new clothes) are preparing what they believe will sell; and from what has been shown to me I can say that simplicity is still to be the ruling idea in the coming warmer-weather frocks.

A simple design that is to be prevalent for soft materials, wool or cotton, is an overskirt put in full folds into the waist, with an underskirt also full, but somewhat less gathered. A little basque round the waist at its natural position is also indicated; it consists really of the fulness of the loosely gathered, blouse-like corsage, drawn in to the waist by a belt or sash. It is to be fashionable to have this drawing-in to the figure accomplished on soft materials by two or more visible rows of gatherings, or by a line (from one to five inches in depth, as liked) of smocking, for that pretty form of needlework is to be much in vogue on the lingerie models for gowns. These warm-weather materials are so soft that fulness is indicated naturally, both in skirts, corsages, and sleeves. The slightly cut-open throat seems likely to prevail, and a pretty collar is then the chief decoration. These are prepared in endless variety, and quite dainty ones are remarkably inexpensive, for some machine now executes work that looks almost like the finest hand-embroidery.

Embroidered flouncing is done by the same accommodating process, and makes a pretty and inexpensive frock; it is used for the underskirt, and again for the overskirt, preferably draped up into an irregular line, such as



A GRACEFUL EVENING-DRESS.

Of peach-coloured velvet embroidered with black and silver over an under-dress of white tulle.

rising in a slope to be much higher at the front than at the sides, or exactly *vice versa*, to avoid the stiff effect of two straight lines of embroidery. Then a good idea for the blouse bodice is to turn the flouncing up the reverse way, so that a line of embroidery comes over the bust, and let the upper part of the corsage be the plain material, folded over the figure, perhaps finished by a shoulder collar made of the embroidered portion, or bought separately in a design to harmonise. White naturally suggests itself for such lingerie frocks, but there will be many dainty colours, such as heliotrope, the old-fashioned lavender, grey, citron, champagne, and bright or old pinks and blues. One useful fabric for ordinary wear in warm weather we shall not be able to get after the present stocks are exhausted—namely, Japanese crêpe cotton—for it is one of the prohibited imports, the space on ships being wanted for more important matters. One-piece frocks are being produced in these warm-weather materials. They are as simple as possible, the waist more indicated than expressed by a loosely tied sash, or by a belt, perhaps passed through straps of the material or by the ever-valuable smocking, for which a contrasting colour can be employed. Another method sometimes favoured is to finish the waist with a thick cord over which the edge of the material of the bodice portion is drawn, and the skirt attached to it invisibly. Outside pockets are to be quite a feature on spring frocks of all sorts. Trimmed with a line of embroidery, of which a little would also be used at the neck and sleeves, or even exclusively embroidered all over at choice, the pocket attached outside affords an easy mode of decoration for a plainly falling full skirt.

There is a good deal of criticism of women "shop-gazing" in the large towns, especially in the West End of London. It is really the most inexpensive of diversions, provided it does not lead to unnecessary or extravagant buying, and most women get hardened into common-sense in this matter; those who cannot see pretty things without wanting to rush in and buy them needlessly are like dipsomaniacs with alcohol—they should avoid the temptation altogether. But, it is said, those women round the shop-windows are wasting time in which they might be making munitions, or setting free others—their servants and needle-women—to go and make munitions. We must remember that the majority of the "shop-gazing" women are probably workers in the home. The work of women in the home is indispensable and genuine, but while it goes on intermittently all day, from early morn to bedtime, still there are intervals; and the women whom one sees "shop-gazing" in the afternoons have usually done some work, and will go home and do more, but take this diversion in between home duties, or as a part of the brief open-air exercise that is needed by the domestic worker for health. There is, none the less, room for more energy and working spirit on the part of a great many women. The separation allowances to the women of the working class, for one thing, have enormously reduced the supply of those willing to go out and earn money by cleaning house. Go to a working-class street to seek a charwoman: each "lady" thinks "the lady next door" may like to come!—FILOMENA.

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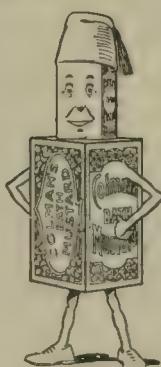
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Mustard Bath"Let Master Mustard
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Another affair of the "Tanks,"
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WRIGHT'S
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SOLDIERS'
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Include a supply
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STABLES

"One of my sergeants says he knows all about horses because he was in a Circus. Well, I know something about horses, too, and I'm never fed up with Gees', but mules are the limit . . . why, the other day an innocent-looking one let out at the 'C.O.' . . . fortunately I had an 'Army Club' Cigarette to offer him, and saved the situation."

CAVANDER'S
"Army Club"
CIGARETTES20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any member of the Expeditionary Forces for 6d., packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.



For a mellow, non-bite mixture,
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"Army" Mixture.
7½d. per oz. 2/6 ½ lb. tin.

Delta

"DELTA prices, madam," said the shopman, "were raised in November, but only slightly, and only to meet increased cost of leather and wages."

"But surely," the shopper answered, "nothing else but increased cost of leather and wages can send prices up!"

"You are mistaken, madam, for scarcity will send up the price of anything, and to-day boots and shoes are scarce, so scarce that many are being sold, not for what they cost but for what they will fetch."

"You surprise me!"

"No doubt, but charging all that shoes will fetch is, however, considered quite legitimate business, and is known

as selling at the cost to replace. For example, these Delta shoes were 13/9 before Christmas, but are now 14/9, and I can get only 14/9 shoes to replace this pair. I'm selling you at 13/9, so why shouldn't I charge you 14/9 straight away?"

"Because it would be profiteering!"

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Makers of Lotus and Delta Shoes.
Agents everywhere

Delta
170—14/9

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE STRAND

WHAT Aldwych audiences enjoyed last winter is still retained in Mr. Bannister Howard's "Babes in the Wood" pantomime the juvenile ballet which was the prime attraction of last year's show, and is still as attractive as ever. The Robbers of Messrs. Dale and O'Malley, if they do not efface memories of the Griffiths Brothers, have nevertheless a hobby-horse fight that sets tiny spectators shrieking with delight. Mr. Paddy Dupres as the bad Baron and Mr. Schofield as the Governess have a nonsense duet which will soon find its way across the footlights; Miss Iris Hoey's Maid Marian has the house at her feet when she sings her effective "Tennessee" ditty; Miss Pauline Prim's Cat playing with a toy-balloon is enough of itself to make a visit to the pantomime worth while; and, for fun of the breakneck sort the Beggar Troupe would take a lot of beating.

"PETER PAN" AND "ALICE" AGAIN.

Two old favourites of the nursery are likely to hold their own amid all the mob of pantomimes and revues. The

Clark is once more available to present to us the most fantastic of pirate kings. "Alice," now on view at Savoy matinées, seems scarcely less fresh, Mr. Slaughter's music bravely defying time along with Lewis Carroll's jests and quaint characters. There is a new Alice, Vera Hamilton, whose acting, singing, and dancing are perfectly natural, and whose diction is as clear as a bell. The Mad Hatter of Mr Franklyn Vernon has not let familiarity with his part rob him of liveliness. The Tweedleum and Tweedledum, the Carpenter and the Walrus, the Red Queen and the Cheshire Cat, are all of them good; and there is also in the cast a dancer of exceptional talent, Miss Vera Clark.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY,"
AT THE APOLLO

The revival of such a favourite of thirty years ago as "The Private Secretary" makes the middle-aged playgoer seem strangely lonely. He himself, as he sits in the theatre, is obsessed by old memories—memories of Penley, and surely Hill,

memories of the exact tone in which the now hackneyed catchwords were given. As he glances round him and listens to the fresh laughter the old jokes and situations provoke, he is conscious, without making calculations from their looks, that to fully half, if not three-quarters, of the audience the thing is a novelty. But, however melancholy his initial sensations, he soon finds piquancy in the discovery that the men in khaki, the girls from munition-shops, get just as much laughter out of the farce as did his friends in the days when he was young. The older generation, then, was not mistaken. Mr Charles Walenn does not find it necessary to clown in order to make his reading of the Rev. Robert Spalding irresistibly funny; and Mr. Roy Byford deserves all the chuckles which greet Cattermole.

"THE AMAZONS" AGAIN
AT THE COURT.

Though it is twenty-four years, all but a couple of months, since Sir Arthur Pinner's farcical romance of "The Amazons" was first staged at the Court, it is hardly a

stranger to our public of to-day, since it was reproduced as late as 1913, when Miss Marie Lohr, Miss Pauline Chase, and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry made a memorable trio of

heroines, in place of Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Pattie Browne, and the late Miss Lily Hanbury. In so far as it requires three young actresses to assume the outward semblance of a boy, it makes a quite picturesque appeal; but to tell the truth, its romance of the way in which three



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A GUIDE WAITING FOR A PARTY,
AMONG WRECKED FARM-MACHINES.
Official Photograph

new Peter Pan at the New Theatre, Miss Unity More, is of the right type; the Wendy of Miss Dot Temple captures all hearts; Mr. Shelton's Smee is a classic; Mr. Holman



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS HOME.
Official Photograph

daughters, brought up as sons and taught by their disappointed father to shoot and hunt and fish, and take violent exercise generally, are glad to respond to the deeper instincts of their sex, is of rather a mild order; and it is the farce of the story that keeps best, notably as exemplified in the character of Lord Tweenways, whose family pride extends even to the ailments which are his legacy from ancestors who have made history. It was in this rôle that Mr. Weedon Grossmith made one of his rare excursions outside the range of the "worm" and the "bounder," and caused us to wish they had been more frequent. His successor in Miss Horniman's present Court revival is Mr. Stanley Cooke, a comedian with a pleasantly light touch. Mrs. A. B. Tapping replaces Miss Rose Leclercq, the original Marchioness; and the three girls are Miss Marie Royter, Miss Muriel Pope, and Miss Helen Temple.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Forty-Nine (from July 1 to December 30, 1916) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

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Dr. Bettoux, Medical Faculty of Montpellier.

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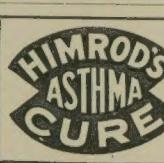
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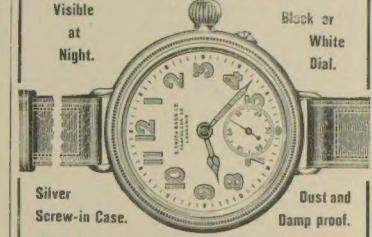
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Endorsement of Licences. I gather with some surprise that it has been thought necessary to take to appeal the question of whether a conviction of the lighting regulations under the Defence of the Realm Act carries with it an endorsement of the driving licence. The Higher Court has held that it does. In the existing state of the law it could not do otherwise, and I cannot help thinking that those who advised an appeal against the magistrates' decision must have been rather weak in their law. Under Section 4 of the Motor-Car Act, it is obligatory upon magistrates to endorse the driving licence of any person convicted of an offence in connection with the driving of a motor-car, other than a first or second offence consisting solely of exceeding any limit of speed fixed under the Act. The language is quite free from ambiguity, which is not always the case where the interpretation of an Act of Parliament is concerned. Clearly, an offence against the present lighting regulations is "an offence in connection with the driving of a motor-car," and it necessarily follows that a conviction under this head is endorsable on the licence. More, the convicting tribunal has no option. Sub-section 4 of the section referred to lays down that particulars of the conviction shall be endorsed upon the licence—the Bench is given no discretion in the matter. Apart from the clarity of the Act itself, there are recorded decisions which should have given pause to the appellant in the case under notice. To quote only one, there was the case in which a motorist appealed to the Divisional Court against the endorsement on his licence of particulars of a conviction for having allowed his tail-lamp to remain extinguished. It was argued on his behalf that this was not an offence in connection with the actual driving of the car, and did not, therefore, come within the four corners of the definition of an endorsable offence. The Divisional Court, which was presided over by the late Lord Chief Justice, disagreed with this view, and held that the magistrates were right in endorsing the licence. The judgment in this one case alone should be sufficient to indicate the exact scope of the law. I agree that the law as it stands is a stupid one, and that it was not the intention of Parliament at the time the Act was passed that licences should be endorsed for every trifling infraction of the Statute. I agree also that one of the

first pieces of motoring legislation to be undertaken, when again we have time to spare in which to attend to these relatively minor affairs, must be a measure dealing with this entirely vexatious question of endorsements on driving licences. That, however, is a different thing altogether. What we are concerned with at the moment is the state and meaning of the law; that the law is absurd and wrong is a matter to be adjusted later on.

The Growth of Motoring in America. A very interesting light is thrown upon the growth of motoring in the United States by some figures, published in New York, relating to the output of

any rate for the time being—the whole of the car market of the neutral world, which must also have contributed very materially to the increase. The question that must suggest itself to us is: What is going to happen at the end of the war, when the Allied contracts cease to flow across the Atlantic, and the huge factories that have sprung up during the past two years are thrown upon the ordinary resources of commerce for their orders? For one thing, I suppose that as soon as the restrictions on the import of foreign motor vehicles are removed, we shall have a real "American invasion" of the British market of such proportions that that of four years ago will recede to the dimensions of a mere circumstance. Of course, there is the tariff; but even if that remains in operation—and I believe it will, since we must raise revenue—the British industry will have to be up and doing to some purpose if it is not to be swamped by the invading tide. The figures given of some of the estimated outputs for 1917 also give one to think furiously. The Ford Company plans to build 700,000 cars during the year, of which some 35,000 are to be turned out in the Canadian factory. Apropos the post-war invasion of the British market, it is interesting to read that the new Ford works that are to be erected at Southampton are to be equipped with a plant capable of the manufacture of no fewer than 40,000 cars per annum.

An Overseas Query. A correspondent writes me from Merbein, Victoria,

asking about the export of cars from England. The answer is that it is practically impossible to send any car, new or second-hand, out of the country now. I have replied by mail in detail to the other points of his letter.

A Dunlop Development. I understand that the Dunlop Tyre Com-

pany is taking over the huge premises in Albany Street which used to be the headquarters of Friswell, Ltd. This will enable them to centralise things, which are now distributed between Regent Street and Clerkenwell Road.

An Electric-Car Development. According to an American journal, a company has been formed in Boston to build an electric car which will sell at about £100. It seems to be quite a wonderful car in its way, for it is stated that it will carry a battery which will recharge itself while the car is running on a level road and will thus only require "boosting" about once in three

(Continued overleaf).



VALUABLE AIDS IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY WORK: DAIMLER MOTOR-BUSES IN COVENTRY.

The enormous increase of Christmas work which fell to the Postal Authorities at Coventry was made easier by the consideration of the Daimler Company, who loaned them two Service 'buses for a few days, while the works were closed down. The 'buses illustrated have been in constant use for two years, carrying munition-workers to and fro between Coventry and Birmingham.

cars in Detroit. According to the figures in question, during 1916 there were made in this city, which is the headquarters of the American motor industry, 960,000 cars of an aggregate value of £130,000,000, as against 450,000 cars of a total value of £66,000,000 turned out by the Detroit factories during 1915. The figures themselves are simply astounding, while the increase in a single year is even more so. Of course, there is very little doubt that they have been largely influenced by the great demand of the Allied Governments for cars for war purposes. Even so, there must in the nature of things be a very rapidly expanding home demand for cars. Again, America has captured—at



For the Nurse

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continuous use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use, a good small bottle costing only 1/- You can get it from all Chemists and Stores.

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may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

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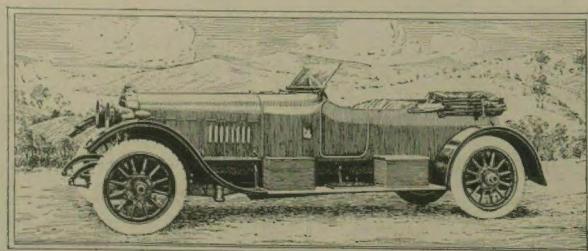
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productions represent a quality of highest excellence. They are symbolic of all that is best in engineering practice. In war-work, the greatest test of all time, the

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— which are original in conception — render service that would not be possible if they were produced with a lower manufacturing standard. This quality has always been a Sunbeam characteristic, and is the standard by which all other cars must be judged.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Limited Head Office & Works: Wolverhampton. Manchester Showrooms: 112, Deansgate London and District Agents for Cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W. DUNLOP TIRES ARE FITTED AS STANDARD TO SUNBEAM CARS



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Old-Fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings
Entirely Superseded.

A well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery, which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking; but few realize that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances."

"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these constantly pressing upon the distended blood vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst."

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports, as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "puttees," which, any soldier will tell you, are the only possible leg supports for long marches. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limbs, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. They cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, and yet will last at least three times as long.

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, write at once to Mr. Cooper, on the Coupon below, for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic" Supports give greater comfort and freedom from pain and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure. Mr. Cooper can be seen personally daily (except Saturdays), from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 3.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE.....

To Mr. D. M. COOPER,
Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances,
Dept. 739, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Dear Sir.—Please send me full particulars of your new discovery for the complete and permanent cure of Varicose Veins.

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The Original Six-Cylinder Napier, has more than Four Times the number of Royal Automobile Club Certificates to its credit, than any other make of Six-Cylinder Car. The Post-War Napier will surpass any model hitherto produced. Please join the distinguished Napier Waiting List.

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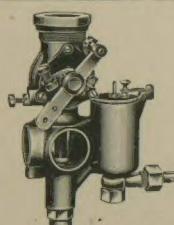
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CARBURETTERS**



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Admiralty and War Office.

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Continued.
days. It sounds getting along towards perpetual motion, but the journal which makes the announcement says that an experimental car has been built and tested with satisfactory results.

A Note on Lubrication. There is much more in the choice of a good and suitable oil for the motor than most people, even some experienced motorists, realise. The Vacuum Oil Company have just sent me a booklet in which this question of the suitability for its purpose of the oil used is duly emphasised, and in a very convincing manner. The object of the booklet is to appeal to the large and growing class of motorists who pin their faith to the Ford car, for which they recommend their Mobiloid E.—W. W.

The well-known firm of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158-162, Oxford Street, W., have just issued a very handsome coloured catalogue of china and glass, and a copy is well worth securing without delay, and studying at leisure.

The accounts of Carreras, Limited, the manufacturers of the well-known Black Cat cigarettes, after writing off all charges, also Excess Profit Duty payable for 1914-15, show an available balance of £119,667 8s. The directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum for the half-year, making 10 per cent. for the year ended Oct. 31, 1916. They also place to reserve £40,000, making that fund £115,000, and carry forward £51,709 10s.

A London physician has stated that the irritation set up by fog in the air-passages lessens the natural defence against the germs of catarrh, and the result is "fog coughs and colds." An effective precaution is found in Evans' Pastilles, which ward off hostile germs. They are sold at 1s. 3d. per tin by all chemists and stores, and post-free from the makers, Evans, Sons, Lesscher and Webb, Ltd., 50, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

A large and admirably equipped Y.M.C.A. hut, the gift of Mr. Bernard Baron, of Hove, has been opened at the Second Eastern General Hospital, Brighton. In formally presenting the hut, Mr. Baron remarked that there was nothing too much or too good to repay the men for their sacrifices, and he hoped they would enjoy the hut as much as he did its presentation.

LITERATURE.

A Sheaf Worth Binding.

Mr. John Galsworthy modestly calls his latest volume "A garnering of non-creative writings, mostly pleas of one sort or another—wild oats of a novelist." The author underrates his work, for a whole series of articles is creative of a fine humanity towards animals, and an even finer hatred of and contempt for cruelty in any form. Some of the satirical passages seem rather laboured; but whether it is the cruelties of pigeon-shooting, caging birds

but even his bitterest outbursts on the horrors of war reflect what many think—"the whole business is a kind of monstrous madness suddenly let loose on the world."

The Days That Are No More.

If Mr. W. B. Yeats were not so endowed with the wayward genius of his race, there would be a temptation to class his little book, "Reveries Over Childhood and Youth" (Macmillan), among the "trivial fond records" which, in the case of ordinary men, would prove but mildly interesting. But Mr. Yeats was a very Irish child, living amidst

people all tinted with a strain of imagination, romance, childlike simplicity, tempered by an innate gift of poetry, and his reveries of childhood and youth are very different from the reflections of those who, like Praed, had been "a happy boy at Drury's." The charm of the book is that it is so very human and so very Irish. Mr. Yeats strikes a note of sadness when he declares that he remembers "little of childhood but its pain," but admits that his miseries were "not made by others." As quite a child he was haunted by the "voice of conscience," which became to him an actuality rather than an instinct, an obsession, or even influence. Superstitious imaginings led him to think he heard raps on the window, "some dead smuggler giving his accustomed signal"; but little word-pictures such as that of the 1534 silver cup, which had all its history written upon

a piece of paper yellow with age, "until some caller took the paper to light his pipe," are quaint and characteristic.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AN ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION.
Official Photograph.

and animals whose only joy is found in freed'm, or the vivisection of dogs"—far the nearest thing to man on the face of the earth"—no animal-lover will allow that these humane papers are non-creative. Other remarkable articles in "A Sheaf" deal vigorously with "The Position of Women" and "Social Unrest," and most topical and most absorbing of all are the articles on the war, in which the irony as well as the humanity of the author are evidenced in striking fashion. The war is essentially a controversial subject, but there will be few who will not find in Mr. Galsworthy's bitter irony a tonic, the more effective for the critical terms in which the views are expressed. "A Sheaf" (Heinemann) is a book to compel thought, if not always unqualified agreement. The author can be scathing,

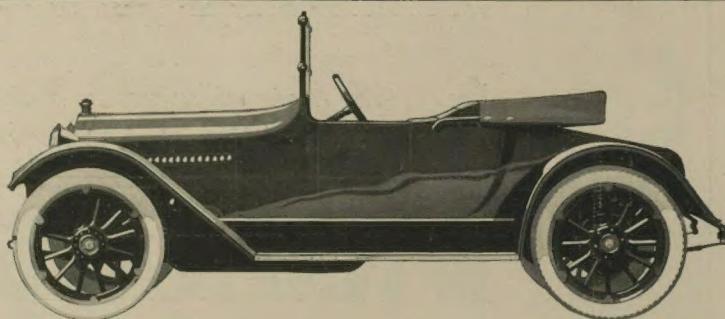
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We have told you what to expect from the Hupmobile. Now have a performance test of several cars if you want the question decided to your own satisfaction.

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